NEW DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURE STARTS NEXT WEEK !

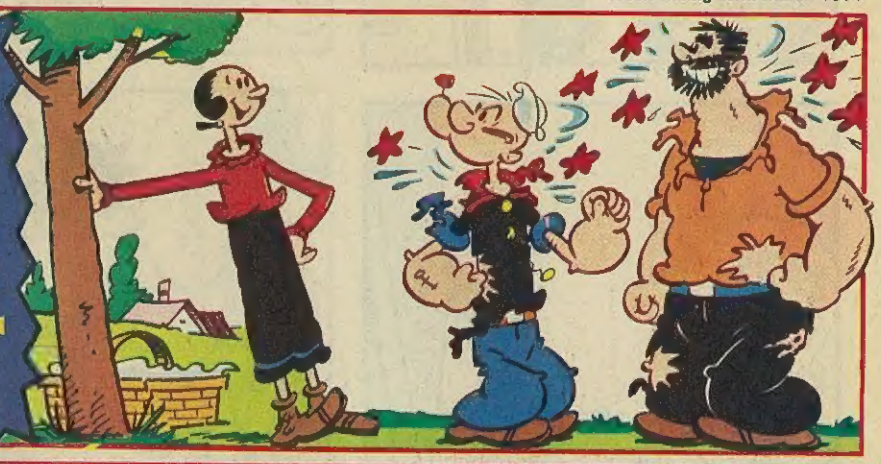
MIGHTY TV COMIC

9p

Number 1317

Week ending 12th March 1977

Lots of laughs with POPEYE inside...



StarTrek

A new exciting serial starts today!

©Paramount Pictures Corporation

NEW MIGHTY TV COMIC

Tom and Jerry

OH, BOY... WHAT A PUNCH! *HEH! HEH!* I'M GETTING BETTER EVERY DAY!

OOPH!

SPLAT!

I'M TOO GOOD... THAT'S PUT JERRY OUT OF ACTION FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS!

OH, DEAR! A LITTLE MOUSE, ALL BEATEN UP. WHAT A SHAME... I'LL TAKE HIM HOME AND GIVE HIM SOME HELP!

I'M A BIONIC DOCTOR, LITTLE CHAP. AND I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU WELL AGAIN QUICKLY!

LATER...

I'VE FIXED YOU UP WITH MY BIONIC TREATMENT... IT'LL ONLY LAST A DAY OR TWO THEN YOU'LL BE YOUR OLD SELF AGAIN!

GEE! THANKS, DOC... THAT MEANS I'M A REAL BIONIC MOUSE!

WHAT'S THIS? HOW COME YOU'RE UP ON YOUR FEET SO SOON?

A DOC FIXED ME UP... AND NOW I'M A SUPER BIONIC MOUSE!

WHAT A LOAD OF RUBBISH... THIS BASHING WILL KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO YOU!

YOU CAN'T HURT ME, TOM... I TOLD YOU, I'M BIONIC NOW...

AND THIS WILL CONVINCE YOU!

POW!

YIKES! IT'S TRUE... I'M GETTING AWAY FROM HERE... AND QUICK!

HEH! HEH! MY BIONIC EYE CAN STILL SEE OLD TOM, ALTHOUGH HE'S TWO MILES AWAY!

ONE SECOND LATER...

HAVE MERCY, PLEASE!

NOT A CHANCE, TOM! *HEH! HEH!*

ZAP! BOP! POWIE!

LATER...

HERE'S YOUR TEA, JERRY... I PROMISE TO BE GOOD TO YOU IF YOU STOP BASHING ME UP!

I'LL THINK ABOUT IT, TOM! *HEH! HEH!*

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POPEYE

TONIGHT AT THE TOWN HALL

THE SWEE'PEAS!

SENSATIONAL! FANTASTIC!

WHO'S THA SWEE'PEAS, KIDDLING?

THAT'S MY POP GROUP, UNCA!

YEAH, BUT WHO'S IN YOUR GROUP?

I DON'T KNOW-I HAVEN'T FORMED IT YET!

WELL I'LL PLAY ACCORDION FOR YA.

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO OFFER, UNCA - BUT... WELL, YOU JUST DON'T LOOK LIKE A POP STAR!

LATER...

HOW DO I LOOK NOW, KID?

GREAT! ALL WE NEED IS ONE MORE AND WE HAS A GROUP!

YES, I'LL PERFORM IN YOUR GROUP, YOUNG MAN - AS LONG AS THE MONEY'S RIGHT.

I'LL PAY YA TWO HAMBURGERS A SHOW!

TWO HAMBURGERS A SHOW? RICHES INDEED!

SO, AFTER REHEARSAL...

THAT SOUNDED GREAT, GANG - LET'S GO TO THE SHOW!

THE SWEE'PEAS

HAW! HAW! AIN'T THAT A SIGHT! CAN I CARRY YOUR ACCORDION, MISS?

YEAH! ON TOP O' YOUR HEAD!

UNCA - YOU HAS RUINED EVERYTHING! YOUR ACCORDION IS BUSTED!

DON'T WORRY, SWEE'PEA! I HAS A STAND-BY INSTRUMENT!

?

SO...

GO, MAN GO!

I JUST HAS TO PULL BRUTUS'S BEARD TO THE BEAT OF THE MUSIC! ARF!

I LIKE A TUNE YOU CAN BRISTLE!

YA! YA! YA! YA!

THE SWEE'PEAS

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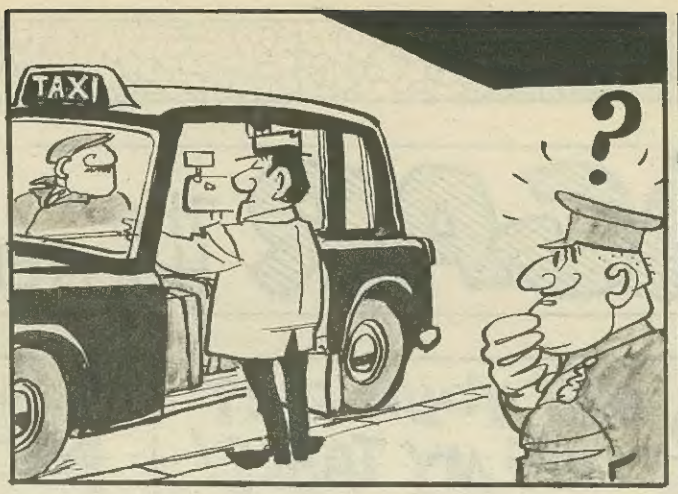
TV Terrors


TAXI
?

SERGEANT MAJOR HOPPIT, ISN'T IT?
EH?

WHY IT'S YOU, PRIVATE SMITH! I WAS YOUR SERGEANT IN THE ARMY!
THAT'S RIGHT... AND NOW I'M THE NEW BOSS FOR THE TV CANTEEN!

REMEMBER THAT TIME I GOT YOU UP AT 2.15 A.M. FOR A ROUTE MARCH?
I REMEMBER, HAR! HAR!

AND WHAT ABOUT THE TIME YOU BROKE THE WORLD RECORD FOR THE AMOUNT OF SPUDS BASHED IN PEACE TIME! HAW! HAW!
HE! HE!

AND THAT TIME YOU MISTOOK ME FOR A CARDBOARD TARGET...
... YES, YOU COULDN'T SIT DOWN FOR A WEEK! HO! HO! HO!

BUT NOW I'M IN CHARGE! GET MY BAGS OUT OF THE TAXI!
...ER... YESSIR!
PROD!

HUFF! PUFF!
THIS WAY!

PUT THE BAGS DOWN!
LOOK! THERE'S HOPPIT DOWN IN THE BASEMENT!
CAUTION DELIVERY CHUTE

LET'S FIX HIM, THEN WE CAN HAVE LUNCH IN THE CANTEEN WITH RUSSLE CONWAY, THE TV STAR!

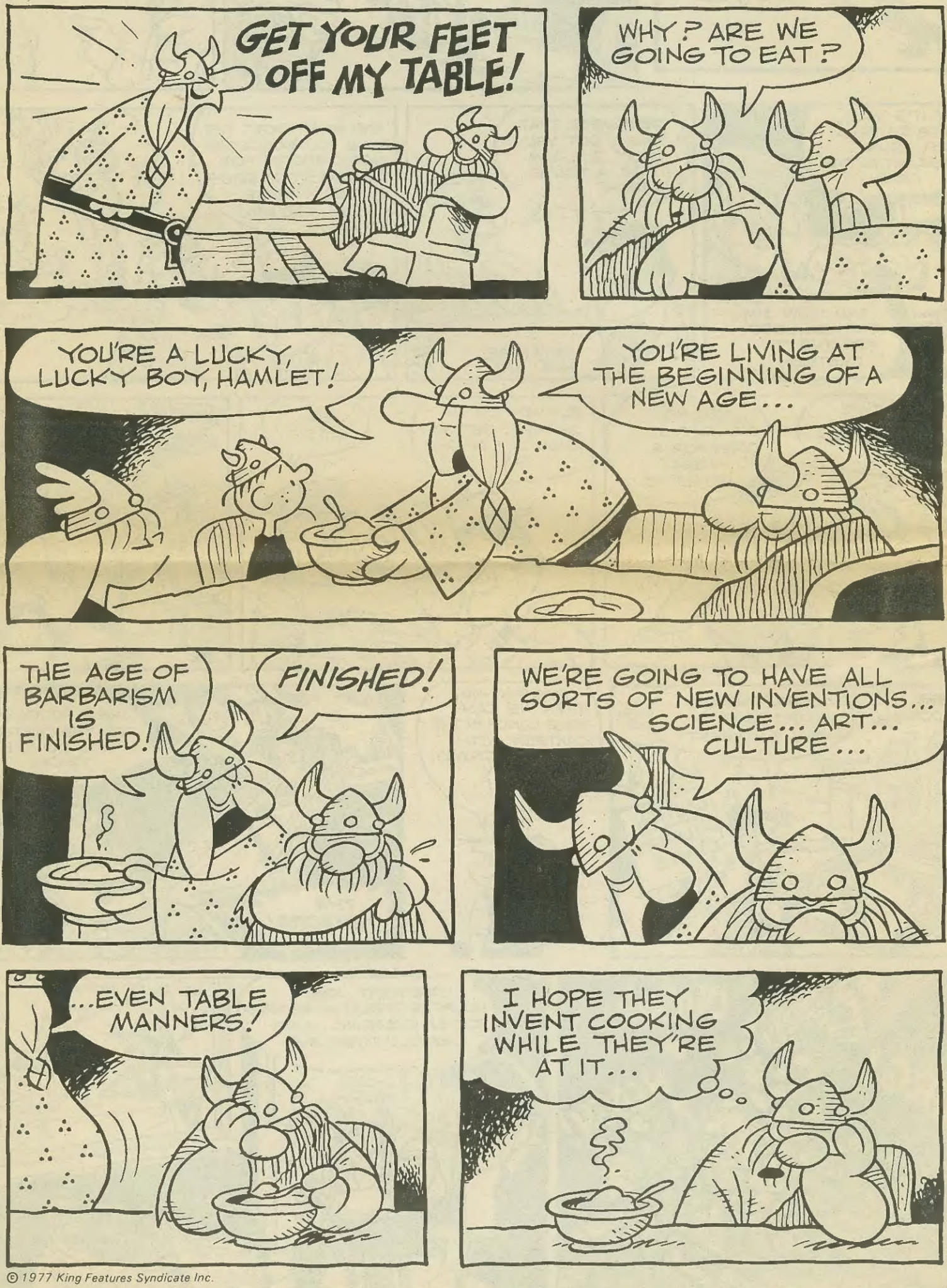
THESE POTATOES FOR THE CANTEEN WILL DO THE TRICK!
THE TERRORS!

OUCH!
NURG!
NEAGH!

YOUR FIRST JOB, HOPPIT, IS TO BEAT MY RECORD FOR SPUD BASHIN'... JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, EH?
HA! HA! HA!
HO! HO!

HÄGAR The Horrible

by DIK BROWNE


GET YOUR FEET OFF MY TABLE!
WHY? ARE WE GOING TO EAT?
YOU'RE A LUCKY, LUCKY BOY, HAMLET!
YOU'RE LIVING AT THE BEGINNING OF A NEW AGE...
THE AGE OF BARBARISM IS FINISHED!
FINISHED!
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ALL SORTS OF NEW INVENTIONS... SCIENCE... ART... CULTURE...
...EVEN TABLE MANNERS!
I HOPE THEY INVENT COOKING WHILE THEY'RE AT IT...

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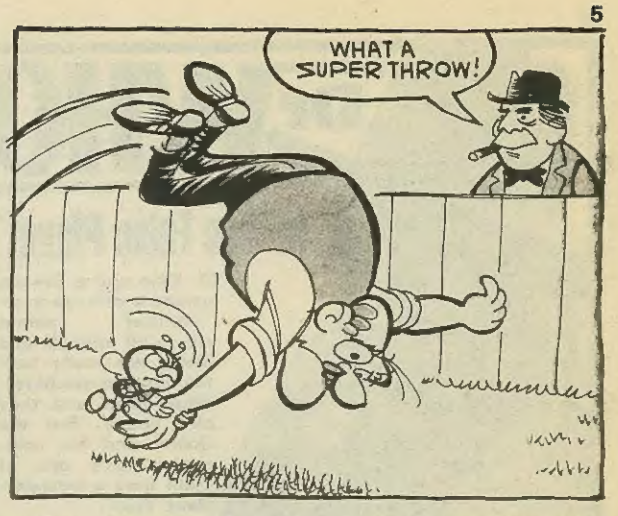
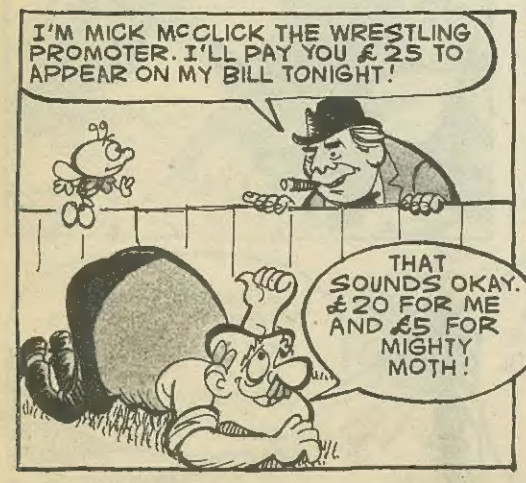
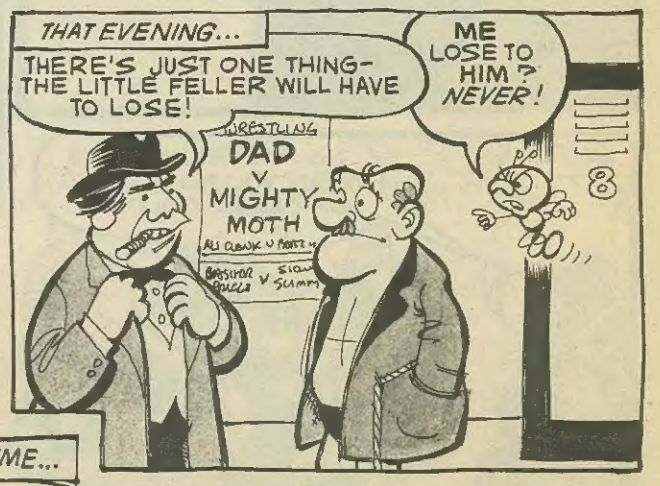
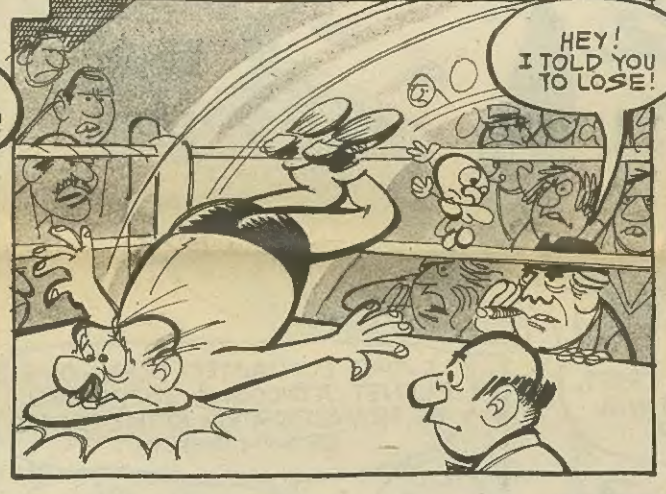
MIGHTY MOTH

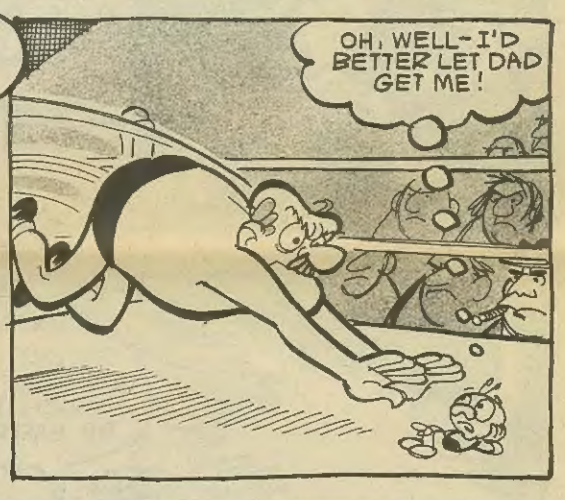


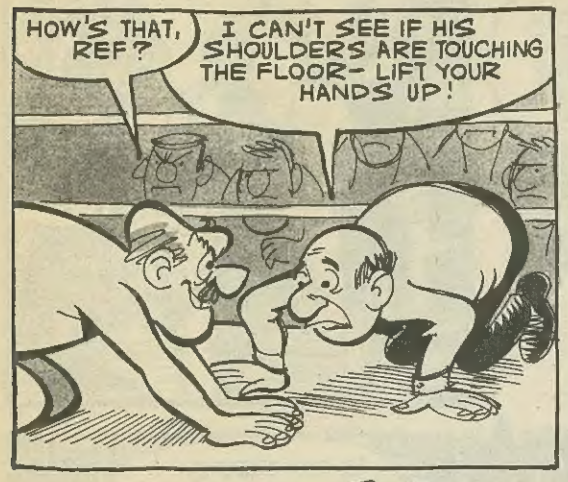

I'M MICK McCLICK THE WRESTLING PROMOTER. I'LL PAY YOU £25 TO APPEAR ON MY BILL TONIGHT!
THAT SOUNDS OKAY. £20 FOR ME AND £5 FOR MIGHTY MOTH!

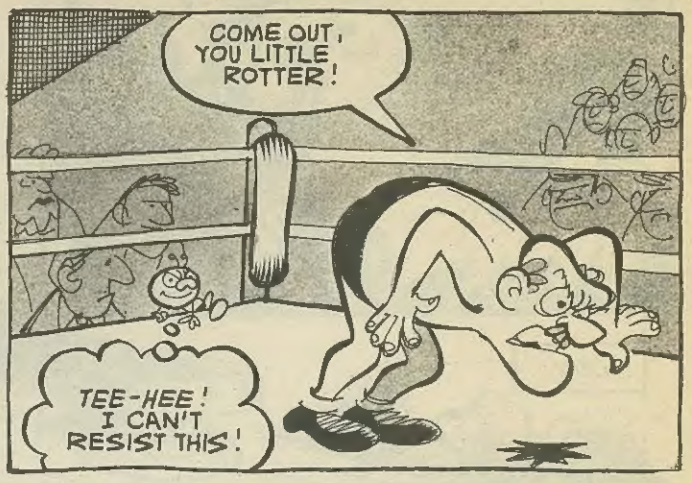


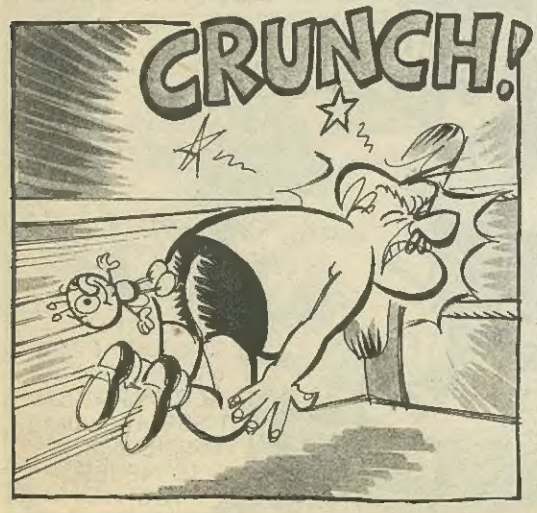
BUT, MIGHTY MOTH GIVES DAD A BAD TIME...

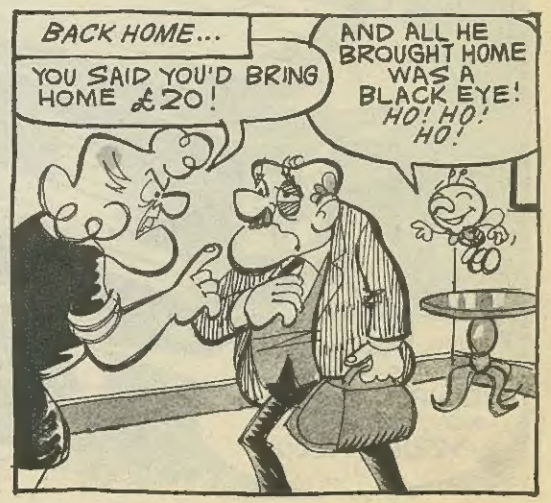








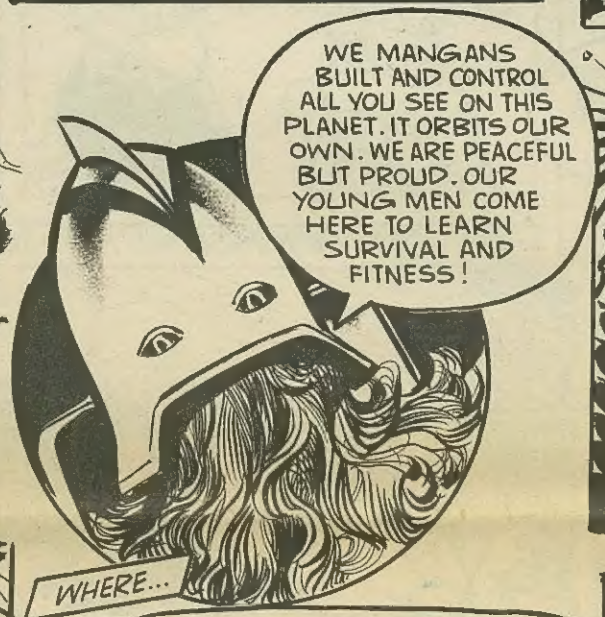


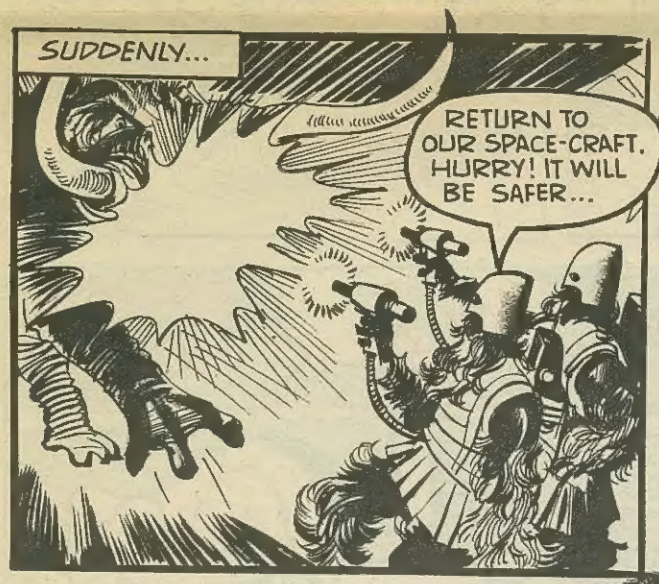


Dr WHO

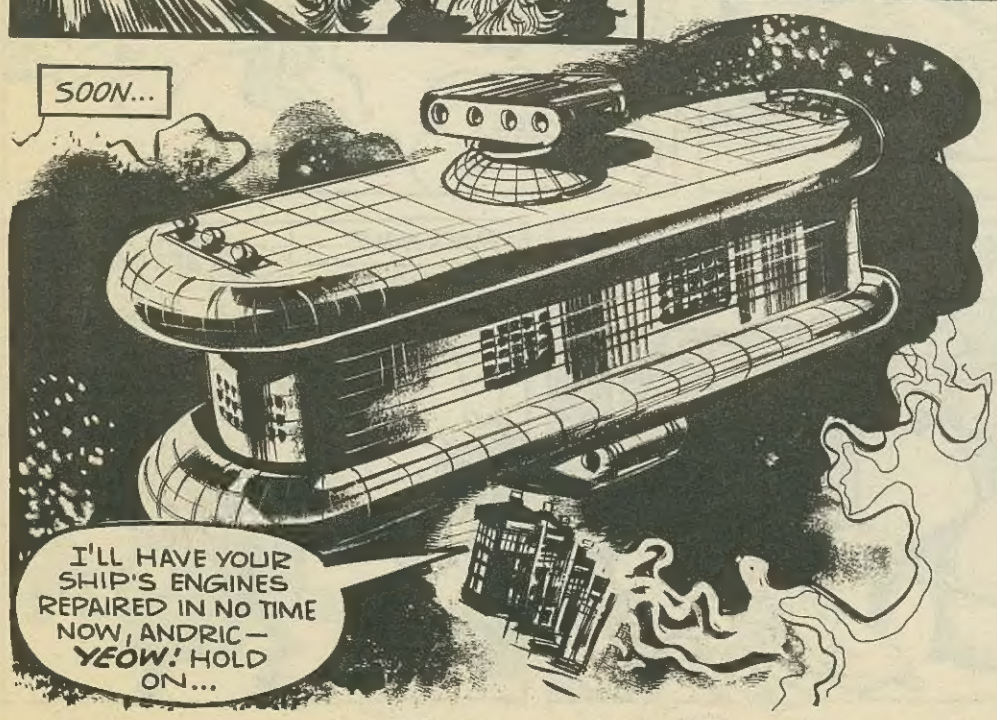
in 'The False Planet'

Dr Who and a Craxon named Andric are on an "artificial" planet where all animals and plants are really hostile, life-like machines. When aliens land, they also attack. But the Doctor and his companion save one of them from a monster-plant. Then . . .


WE MANGANS BUILT AND CONTROL ALL YOU SEE ON THIS PLANET. IT ORBITS OUR OWN. WE ARE PEACEFUL BUT PROUD. OUR YOUNG MEN COME HERE TO LEARN SURVIVAL AND FITNESS!
WHERE...



I HAVE CONTACTED OUR HOME PLANET. A DILOONA SUPPLY WILL BE TRANSPORTED TO THE CRAXON CROWN SHIP!
WE ARE BOTH GRATEFUL. IT'S TIME WE LEFT, TOO!



IS THE TARDIS DAMAGED, DOCTOR? WHY DID IT JOLT LIKE THAT?
A FAULTY CIRCUIT- PASS ME THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER. IT SEEMS A TIME LORD'S WORK IS NEVER FINISHED!

© 1977 BBC tv Enterprises

Follow the Time Lord's new adventure next week!

BARNEY BEAR

BAH! MOOSE HAS HIRED A CLEANING LADY TO HELP WITH HIS HOUSEWORK!

THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO GET ONE! I CAN'T LET HIM BE ONE UP ON ME!

NEXT DAY...

GOODY, SHE'S CLEANING THE WINDOWS! MOOSE IS SURE TO SEE!

HUH! TRUST BARNEY TO HAVE A HOUSE CLEANER AS WELL! BUT I'LL BETTER HIM!

SO...

G...GOSH! MOOSE HAS HIRED A GARDENER! THAT MEANS I MUST HAVE ONE!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN BARNEY WOULD HAVE A GARDENER, TOO!

SOON...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

MOOSE HAS HIRED A CHAUFFEUR TO RIDE HIS TANDEM FOR HIM!

I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH HIM! I'LL GO BROKE!

I'LL HAVE TO TRY AND MAKE HIM SEE REASON!

MEVIN

MOOSE! WE CAN'T GO ON TRYING TO RIVAL EACH OTHER BY HIRING HELP!

HOW DID YOU GET IN PAST MY BUTLER?

BUTLER?

AND YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET!

SNAP!

HE'S EVEN GOT A ***FOOTMAN*** TO KICK OUT UNWELCOME VISITORS!

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High above the strange, unpopulated world the crew of the Star Ship Enterprise battle to save a doomed planet . . . But they cannot know of the fate that awaits them once they succeed!

STAR TREK

The GHOST PLANET

OUR MAGNETIC PULL HAS SMASHED THE DEADLY RAINBOW BANDS, CAPTAIN KIRK!
YES, MR. SPOCK! BUT CUT POWER BEFORE THOSE BANDS REACH US OR THEY'LL PENETRATE THE ENTERPRISE!
THE VISITORS APPEAR TO HAVE FREED OUR PLANET ... AND IF SO THEY MUST DIE!

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STAR DATE 26:06.4-- ENTERPRISE MOVING DEEP INTO GALAXY ZELTA... WE HAVE SIGHTED A STRANGE RINGED AREA... IT MAY CONCEAL A PLANET ...INVESTIGATION UNDER WAY...
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, MR. SPOCK? THEY'RE SIMILAR TO THE RINGS OF SATURN--BUT NO PLANET IS INDICATED!
I'M CHECKING THEM ON THE SPECTROSCOPE NOW, CAPTAIN KIRK!
THE RINGS ARE COMPOSED OF A COPPER CONTENT, CAPTAIN! THEY ARE CIRCULATING AROUND A... PLANET!
ARE YOU CERTAIN, MR. SPOCK?
AFFIRMATIVE, THE EVIDENCE ON THE SPECTROSCOPE IS UNASSAILABLE!
A PLANET WRAPPED IN RAINBOW RINGS!
ROCKETS ON FULL! SAME COURSE!
NEARING THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE QUEEN SHIP OF THE STAR FLEET PLUMMETS TOWARD THE UNKNOWN PLANET...
THE COPPER CONTENT...IS IT DANGEROUS TO US?
NO! THERE IS A MINOR MAGNETIC FIELD BUT WE HAVE THE THRUST TO OVERCOME IT!
HOWEVER, THERE WILL BE TURBULENCE!
SECURE SEAT BELTS!

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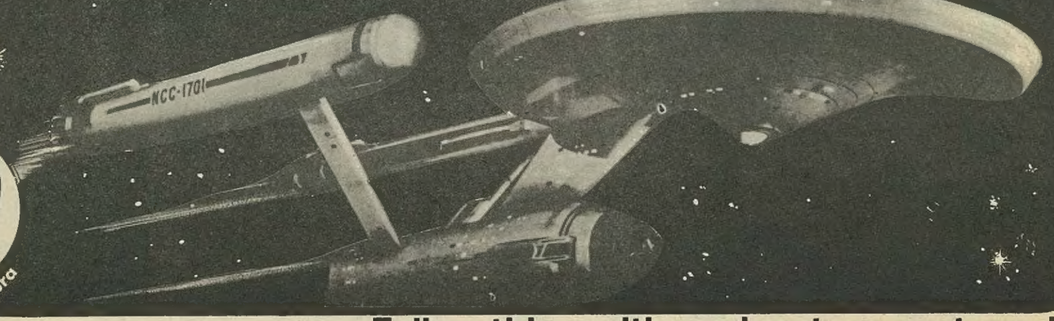
Scotty

Mr Sulu

Chekov

Lieutenant Uhura



Follow this exciting adventure next week!

Captain PUGWASH

ABOARD THE 'FLYING DUSTMAN' CUTTHROAT JAKE HAS ACTUALLY READ A BOOK...

THIS BOOK SHOWS HOW I CAN GET RID OF PUGWASH ONCE AND FOR ALL!

HOW'S THAT, CAP'N?

GREEK MYTHOLOGY

WELL, WOMEN CALLED SIRENS USED TO LURE SAILORS TO DESTRUCTION ON THE ROCKS...

SO YOU'RE GOING TO BE A MERMAID AND LURE PUGWASH TO HIS DOOM!

I AM?

MEANWHILE

HAVE YOU FOUND THE KIND OF ISLAND WE NEED, MR MATE?

THAT I HAVE, CAP'N.

IT'S SMALL, ROCKY AND UNINHABITED. QUITE NEAR, AS WELL!

GOOD!

SO...

HERE COMES PUGWASH! OFF YE GO, LUKE!

MAKE SURE YOU SLING THAT KEG OF GUNPOWDER INTO PUGWASH'S BOAT AS SOON AS HE'S NEAR ENOUGH!

THAT'S THE PLACE, CAP'N PUGWASH!

FLYING DUSTMAN

ARE GUNS AIMED AT TARGET ISLAND AND READY TO FIRE, MR. MATE?

ALL READY, CAP'N!

AS SOON AS HE SEES ME HE'LL BE LURED FOR SURE!

FIRE!

BOOM!

YIKE! THAT CANNONBALL IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE GUNP...

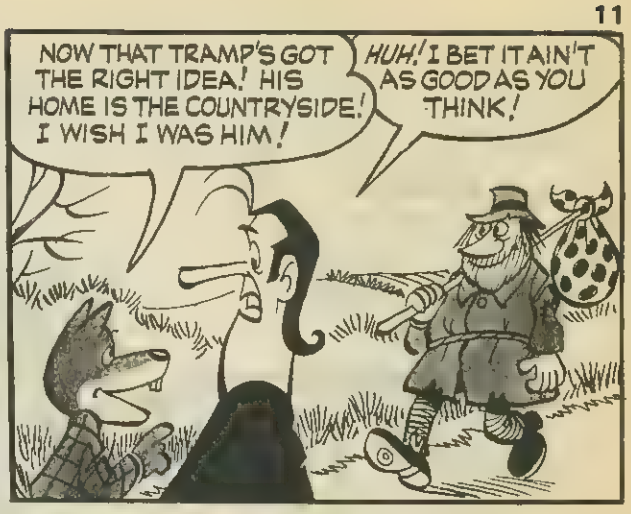
MEVIN

BOOM!

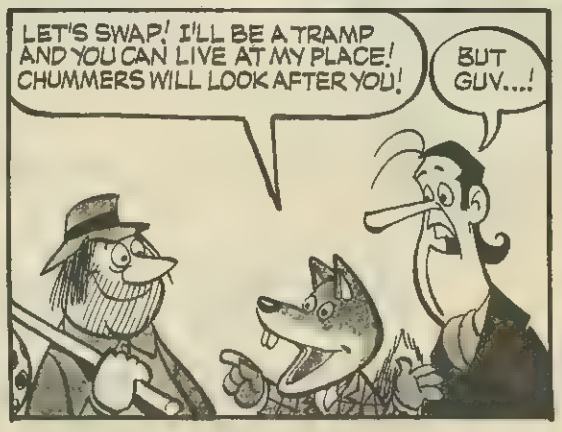
PUGWASH FIRED BEFORE HE HEARD THE SIREN, CAP'N!

BASIL BRUSH

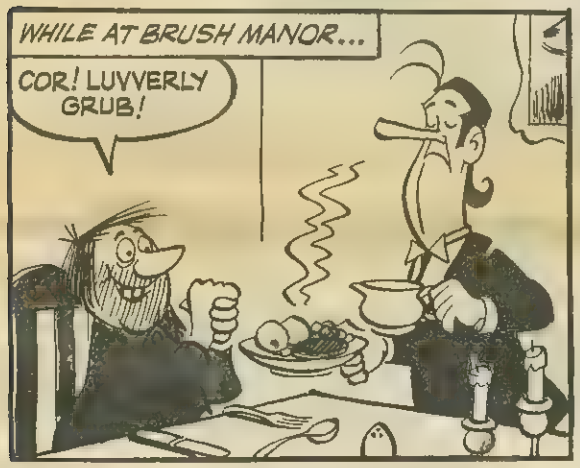
I'M FED-UP WITH BEING STUCK INDOORS, CHUMMERS! LET'S GO FOR A WALK!
OKAY, GUV!


NOW THAT TRAMP'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA! HIS HOME IS THE COUNTRYSIDE! I WISH I WAS HIM!
HUH! I BET IT AIN'T AS GOOD AS YOU THINK!

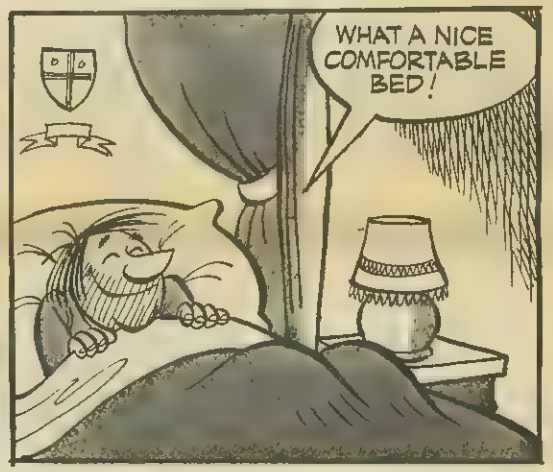
I WAS JUST TELLING MY BUTLER THAT I'D LIKE TO BE A TRAMP!
AND I WAS JUST THINKIN' HOW NICE IT WOULD BE TO LIVE IN A HOUSE!

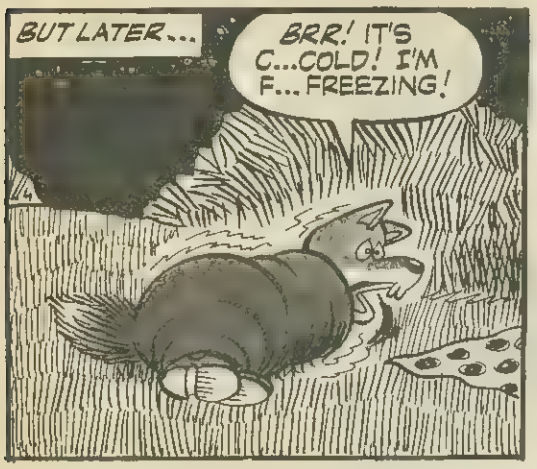

LET'S SWAP! I'LL BE A TRAMP AND YOU CAN LIVE AT MY PLACE! CHUMMERS WILL LOOK AFTER YOU!
BUT GUV...!

BUT BASIL WINS, AND...
AH! THIS IS THE LIFE!


WHILE AT BRUSH MANOR...
COR! LUVVERLY GRUB!

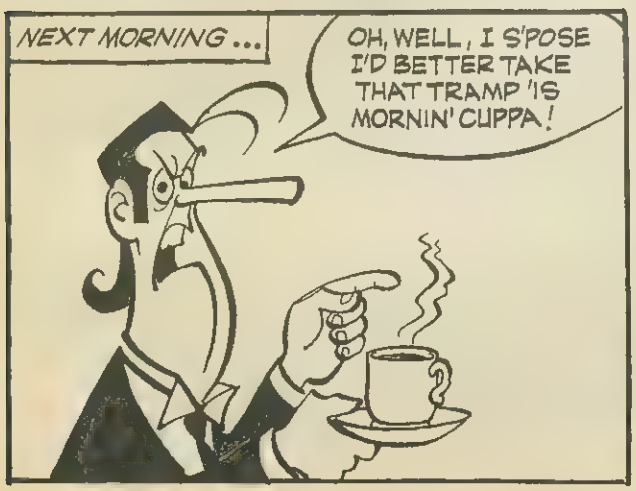
THAT NIGHT...
THIS IS BLISS! SLEEPING UNDER A STARLIT SKY!


WHAT A NICE COMFORTABLE BED!


BUT LATER...
BRR! IT'S C...COLD! I'M F... FREEZING!

I CAN'T SLEEP SURROUNDED BY WALLS!

SO...
IT'S YOU! I WAS JUST LEAVING!
AND I WAS JUST COMING BACK!


NEXT MORNING...
OH, WELL, I S'POSE I'D BETTER TAKE THAT TRAMP 'IS MORNIN' CUPPA!

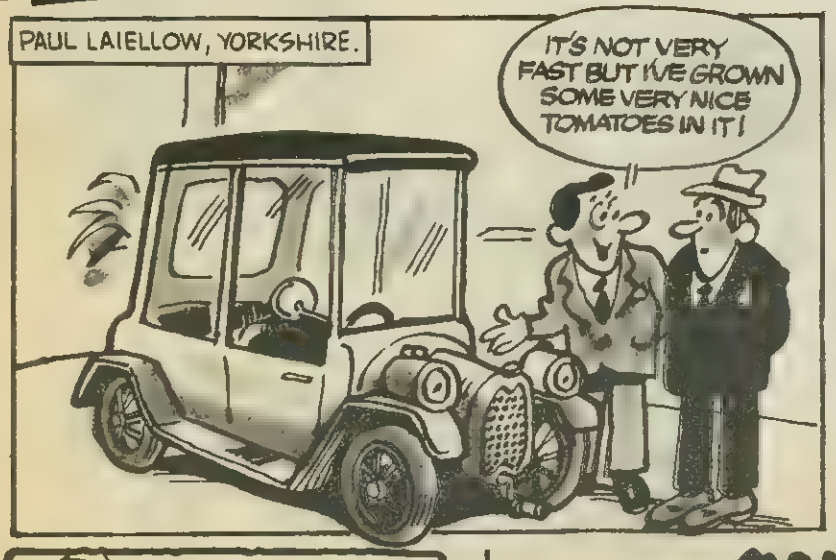
GUV! YOU'RE BACK! AND 'E'S GORN!
HALLO, CHUMMERS! I DECIDED I WASN'T CUT OUT TO BE A TRAMP, SO I TRAMPED HOME AS HE TRAMPED AWAY! HA-HAAAA!

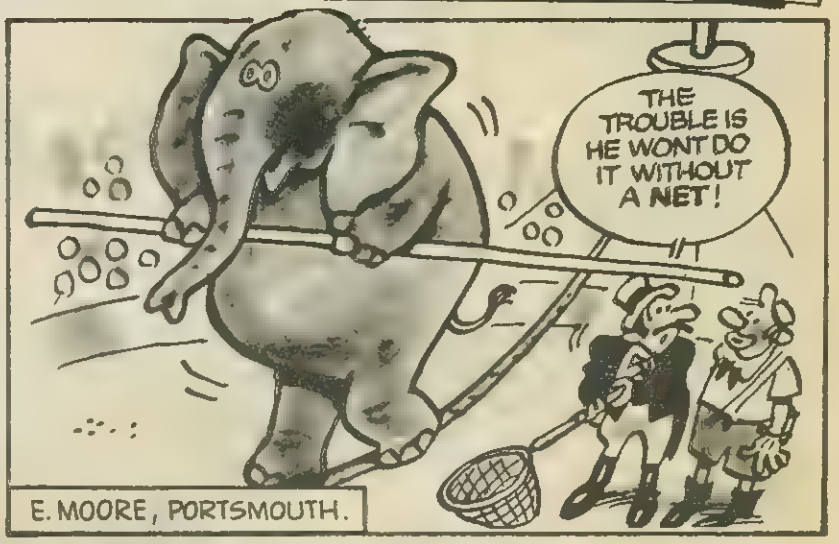
Win £1 ...for every joke published!

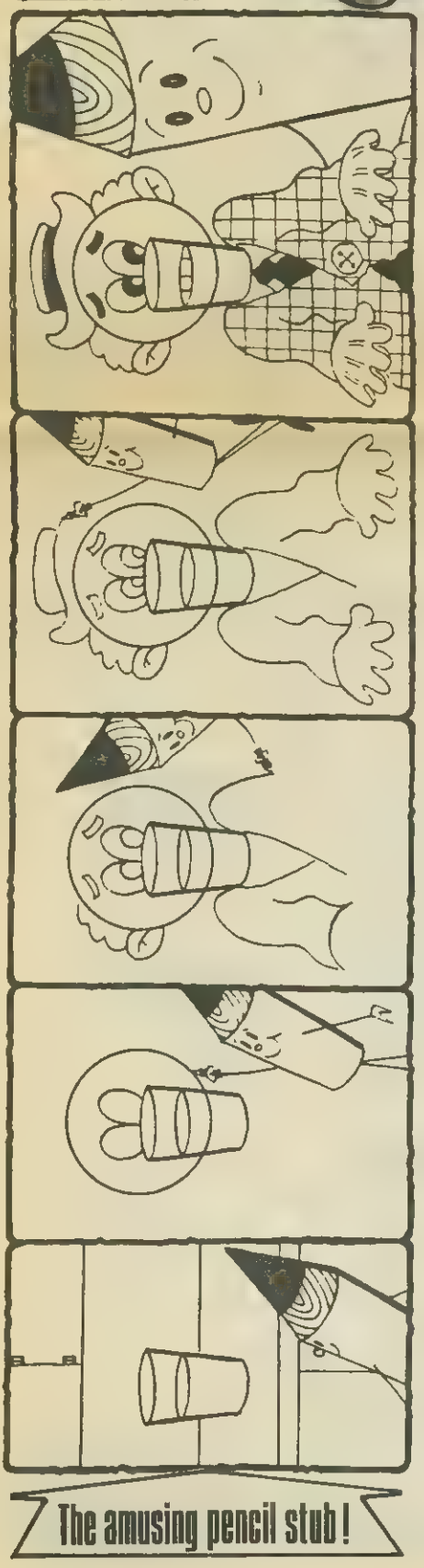
READERS' JOKES

The Editor, Mighty TV Comic, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 382-386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

When you send your jokes tell us which are your favourite features in Mighty TV Comic.







The amusing pencil stub!

OVER 200 SUPER REEVES PAINT BOXES TO BE WON WITH NEW! TOM AND JERRY TOFFEE BARS

The delicious new toffee-bar that's extra chewy!

It's easy to enter – here's what to do. Join the dots to see what TOM & JERRY are up to. Then, using crayons, paints, or whatever you prefer, colour in the picture. Send your entry, unfolded if possible, with *three* wrappers from KEILLER TOM & JERRY bars to:

KEILLER PAINTING COMPETITION, P.O. Box 101A, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 5AX

Please state your name, address and age at closing date (7th April, 1977). Each entry must be signed by your parent or guardian, to confirm that you have not been helped. You may enter any number of pictures, but each one must be accompanied by three wrappers. Remember. All entries must be received by *7th April, 1977.*

PRIZES

The competition will be judged in three age groups (age on 7th April, 1977) 7 years old or under; 8-11 years old inclusive and 12-15 years old inclusive. 70 prizes of **Reeves Paint Boxes** will be awarded in each group.

RULES

1. The competition is open to all members of the public under 16 years of age in the U.K. only, except for employees, or members of the families of employees of James Keiller and Son Ltd. its associate companies, its Advertising Agents or anyone directly concerned with the administration of the competition.
2. In each age group, the judges will award the prizes to the competitors whose pictures are judged to be the best, age being taken fully into account. no competitor may win more than one prize and cash cannot be substituted.
3. The judges' decision shall be final and legally binding and correspondence will not be entered into.
4. All winners will be notified by post as soon as possible after the closing date. A list of winners will be sent to any competitor who encloses a stamped, self-addressed envelope with the entry, or who applies direct to James Keiller & Son Ltd., Department B116 St Georges House Croydon, Surrey CR9 1NR.
5. Responsibility cannot be accepted for entries lost, delayed or damaged, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt. Entries which are received after the 7th April, 1977 which are altered or incomplete or which for any reason do not accord with the Rules will be ineligible.
6. All entries become the property and copyright of James Keiller & Son Ltd., and cannot be returned.

Name _____

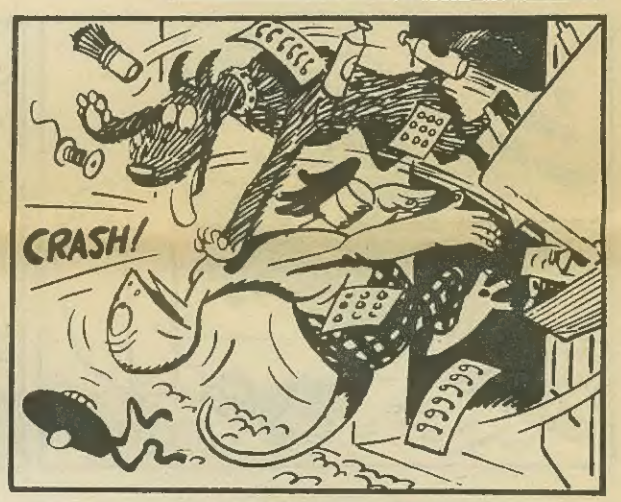
Address _____

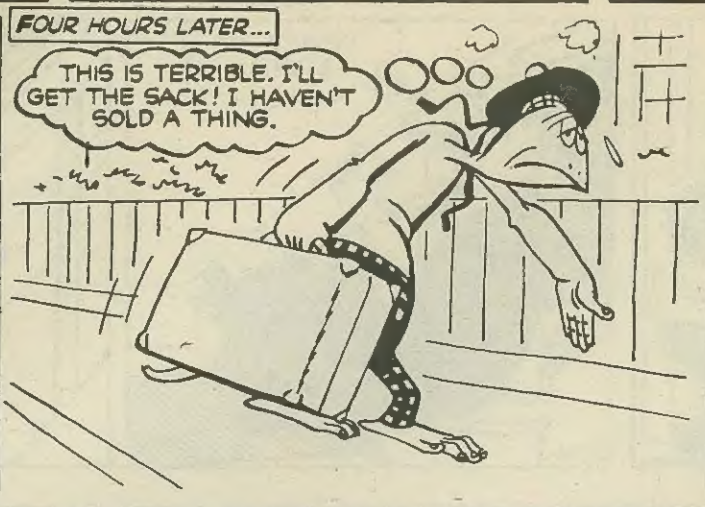
Age _____

Signature of parent/guardian

LOCHY

THE FUNNY WEE MONSTER





THE BAKERS' DOZEN

DAD BAKER AGE UNKNOWN
MUM BAKER NOT SO OLD AS DAD
NANCY 12 YRS.
HERBERT 11 YRS.
FRECKLES 10 YRS.
SUSY 9 YRS.
"LANKY" 8 YRS.
BILLY 7 YRS.
JILL AND JACK TWINS - BOTH 5.
"TOOFY" 2 YRS.
"BARKER" 3 YRS.
"WHISKERS" 9 LIVES
SIR EDWARD 99 YRS.

MUST FINISH MY BOOK TONIGHT.

ZOOM
EEGH!
RATA TATA-TAT

I CAN'T READ IN HERE! I'LL GO INTO THE OTHER ROOM.
RAT-TAT-TAT!
ZOO-OOM!

AH! IT'S NICE AND PEACEFUL HERE.

YELP! YELP! GR-RR!
OH, NO!

I'LL SIT IN THE KITCHENETTE!

HUH! IT'S NOISY IN HERE, TOO!
CLICK!
WHIRR! RUMBLE! RUMBLE! WHIRR!

I KNOW!

PEACE AT LAST.

SWOOSH!
LOOK OUT, DAD!
BUMP!

I **MUST** GET SOME PEACE AND QUIET TO READ MY BOOK.

WHAT'S DAD UP TO?
IT'S A GOOD JOB THESE SHELVES COME OUT.

LOVELY! I CAN'T HEAR A THING IN HERE.
HO-HO!
HA! HA!
HA!

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Pink Panther

POOR GOLDIE LOOKS BORED! MAYBE HE NEEDS A CHANGE OF SCENERY!

BUT... I'VE PUT HIM IN THE KITCHEN, BUT HE STILL LOOKS FED-UP!

LATER... IDEA!

HEY, LUCY! CAN I BORROW YOUR LITTLE CART?

CERTAINLY!

COME ON, GOLDIE, WE'RE GOING WALKIES!

YIKES! HE'S JUMPED OUT OF THE BOWL!

GOLDIE! COME BACK!

HELP! HE'S GOING DOWN THE DRAIN!

CAUGHT HIM!

NOW MY ARM'S STUCK! BUT I MUST GET HIM BACK IN HIS BOWL!

SO... BACK YOU GO!

WHEN THIS DRAIN COVER HAS BEEN SAWN OFF, I'M TAKING YOU HOME!

SO... AFTER ALL THAT ADVENTURE, GOLDIE STILL LOOKS BORED!

SOMEONE TELL HIM GOLD—FISH **ALWAYS** LOOK LIKE THIS!

© Mirisch — Geoffrey — D-F 1977

Playpeople and the Tree-Top Rescue

1 FANCY THE KING OF THE PLAYPEOPLE BEING STUCK UP A TREE! HOW EMBARRASSING FOR HIM. EVERYONE IS TRYING NOT TO LAUGH!

2 HE WENT UP TO RESCUE THE QUEEN'S KITTEN. THE KITTEN JUMPED DOWN SAFELY BUT THE KING GOT STUCK WHAT WILL HE DO?

3 HOORAY! HERE COME THE PLAYPEOPLE FIREMEN WITH THEIR FIRE ENGINE AND LONG LADDER! THEY SOON RUN UP AND RESCUE HIM.

4 THE KING IS SO PLEASED HE GIVES THE FIREMEN A SPECIAL MEDAL SAYING "BY APPOINTMENT. RESCUERS-OUT-OF-TREES TO H.M. THE KING."

NEW! Playpeople Firemen come running when they're needed!

The Playpeople Fireman are new in our Playworld. And so is the super fire engine with its long ladder. They make Playpeople adventures a lot more fun.

Playpeople fit nicely in your hand, their heads and arms move, they bend at the waist and can hold all sorts of things! Are you joining in the big wide Playworld of Playpeople?

playpeople

little people for little people

by Louis Marx

Playpeople cost less than the rest! Individual figures from about 59p. Sets from about £1.35 to £4.75.